The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

—11—

Toye accepted his fate with a ready resignation, little short of alacrity. There was a gleam in his somber eyes and his blue chin came up with a jerk. "That's talking!" said he. "Now will you promise me never to marry Cazalet?"

"Mr. Toye!"

"That's talking, too, and I guess I mean it to be. It's not all dog-in-the-manger, either. I want that promise a lot more than I want the other. You needn't marry me, Miss Blanche, but you mustn't marry Cazalet."

Blanche was blazing. "But this is simply outrageous—"

"I claim there's an outrageous cause for it. Are you prepared to swear what I ask, and trust me as I'll trust you, or am I to tell you the whole thing right now?"

"You won't force me to listen to another word from you, if you're a gentleman, Mr. Toye!"

"It's not what I am that counts. Swear that to me, and I swear, on my side, that I won't give him away to you or anyone else. But it must be the most solemn contract man and woman ever made."

The silver teapot arrived at this juncture, and not inopportunely. She had to give him his tea, with her young maid's help, and to play a tiny part in which he supported her really beautifully. She had time to think, almost coolly; and one thought brought a thrill. If it was a question of her marrying or not marrying Walter Cazalet, then he must be free, and only the doer of some dreadful deed!

"What has he done?" she begged, with a pathetic abandonment of her previous attitude, the moment they were by themselves.

"Must I tell you?" His reluctance rang genuine.

"I insist upon it!" she flashed again.

"Well, it's a long story."

"Never mind. I can listen."

"You know, I had to go back to Italy—"

"Had you?"

"Well, I did go." He had slurred the first statement; this one was characteristically deliberate. "I did go, and before I went I asked Cazalet for an introduction to some friends of his down in Rome."

"I didn't know he had any," said Blanche.

"Why, he doesn't have any," said Toye, "but he claimed to have some. He left the Kaiser Fritz the other day at Naples. I guess he told you?"

"No, I understood he came round to Southampton. Surely you shared a cabin?"

"Only from Genoa; that's where I took the steamer and Cazalet regained her."

"Well?"

"He claimed to have spent the interval mostly with friends at Rome. Those friends don't exist, Miss Blanche," said Toye.

"Is that any business of mine?" she asked him squarely.

"Why, yes. I'm afraid it's going to be. That is, unless you'll still trust me—"

"Go on, please."

"Why, he never stayed at Rome at all, nor yet in Italy any longer than it takes to come through on the train. Your attention for one moment!" He took out a neat pocketbook. Blanche had opened her lips, but she did not interrupt; she just grasped the arms of her chair, as though about to bear physical pain. "The Kaiser Fritz"—Toye was speaking from his book—"got to Naples late Monday afternoon, September eighth. Seems she was overdue, and I was mad about it, and never got away again till the—"

"Do tell me about Walter Cazalet!" cried Blanche. It was like small talk from a dentist at the last moment.

"I want you to understand about the steamer first," said Toye. "She waited Monday night in the Bay of Naples, only sailed Tuesday morning, only reached Genoa Wednesday morning, and lay there all of forty-eight hours, as these German boats do, anyhow. That brings us to Friday morning before the Kaiser Fritz gets quit of Italy, doesn't it?"

"Yes—I suppose so—do tell me about Walter!"

"Why, I first heard of him at Genoa, where they figured I should have a stateroom all to myself, as the other gentleman had been left behind at Naples. I never saw him till he scrambled aboard again Friday, about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour."

"At Genoa?"

"Sure."

"And you pretend to know where he'd been?"

"I guess I do know"—and Toye sighed as he raised his little book. "Cazalet stepped on the train that left Naples six-fifty Monday evening, and off the one timed to reach Charing Cross three-twenty-five Wednesday."

"The day of the m—"

"Yes. I never called it by the hardest name, myself; but it was seven-thirty Wednesday evening that Henry Craven got his death-blow somehow. Well, Walter Cazalet left Charing Cross again by the nine o'clock that night, and was back aboard the Kaiser Fritz on Friday morning—full of his friends in Rome who didn't exist!"

The note-book was put away with every symptom of relief.

"I suppose you can prove what you say?" said Blanche in a voice as dull as her unseeing eyes.

"I have men to swear to him—ticket-collectors, conductors, waiters on the restaurant-car—all up and down the line. I went over the same ground on the same trains, so that was simple. I can also produce the barber who claims to have taken off his beard in Paris, where he put in hours Thursday morning."

Blanche looked up suddenly, not at Toye, but past him toward an overladen side-table against the wall. It was there that Cazalet's photograph had stood among many others; until this morning she had never missed it, for she seemed hardly to have been in her room all the week; but she had been wondering who had removed it, whether Cazalet himself (who had spoken of doing so, she now knew why), or Martha (whom she would not question about it) in a fit of ungovernable disapproval. And now there was the photograph back in its place, leather frame and all!

"I know what you did," said Blanche. "You took that photograph with you—the one on that table—and had him identified by it!"

"It was the night I came down to bid you good-by," he confessed, "and didn't have time to wait. I didn't come down for the photo. I never thought of it till I saw it there. I came down to kind of warn you, Miss Blanche!"

"Against him?" she said, as if there was only one man left in the world.

"Yes—I guess I'd already warned Cazalet that I was starting on his tracks."

And then Blanche just said, "Poor—old—Sweep!" as one talking to herself. And Toye seized upon the words as she had seized on nothing from him.

"Have you only pity for the fellow?" he cried; for she was gazing at the bearded photograph without revulsion.

"Of course," she answered, hardly attending.

"Even though he killed this man—even though he came across Europe to kill him?"

"You don't think it was deliberate yourself, even if he did do it."

"But can you doubt that he did?" cried Toye, quick to ignore the point

"I Know What You Did," Said Blanche. "You Took That Photograph With You."

she had made, yet none the less sincerely convinced upon the other. "I guess you wouldn't if you'd heard some of the things he said to me on the steamer; and he's made good on every syllable since he landed. Why, it explains every single thing he's done and left undone. He'll strain every nerve to have Scruton ably defended, but he won't see the man he's defending; says himself that he can't face him!"

"Yes. He said so to me," said Blanche, nodding in confirmation.

"To you?"

"I didn't understand him."

"But you've been seeing him all this while?"

"Every day," said Blanche, her soft eyes filling suddenly. "We've had—we've had the time of our lives!"

"My God!" said Toye. "The time of your life with a man who's got another man's blood on his hands—and that makes no difference to you! The time of your life with the man who knew where to lay hands on the weapon he'd done it with, who went as far as that to save the innocent, but no farther!"

"He would; he will still, if it's still necessary. You don't know him, Mr. Toye; you haven't known him all your life."

"And all this makes no difference to a good and gentle woman—one of the gentlest and the best God ever made?"

"If you mean me, I won't go as far as that," said Blanche. "I must see him first."

"See Cazalet?"

Toye had come to his feet, not simply in the horror and indignation which had gradually taken possession of him, but under the stress of some new and sudden resolve.

"Of course," said Blanche; "of course I must see him as soon as possible."

"You shall never speak to that man again, as long as ever you live," said Toye, with the utmost emphasis and deliberation.

"Who's going to prevent me?"

"I am, by laying an information against him this minute, unless you promise never to see or to speak to Cazalet again."

Blanche felt cold and sick, but the bit of downright bullying did her good. "I didn't know you were a blackmailer, Mr. Toye!"

"You know I'm not; but I mean to save you from Cazalet, blackmail or white."

"To save me from a mere old friend—nothing more—nothing—all our lives!"

"I believe that," he said, searching her with his smoldering eyes. "You couldn't tell a lie, I guess, not if you tried! But you would do something; it's just a man being next door to hell that would bring a God's angel—" His voice shook.

She was as quick to soften on her side.

"Don't talk nonsense, please," she begged, forcing a smile through her distress. "Will you promise to do nothing if—if I promise?"

"Not to go near him?"

"No."

"Nor to see him here?"

"No."

"Nor anywhere else?"

"No. I give you my word."

"If you break it, I break mine that minute? Is it a deal that way?"

"Yes! Yes! I promise!"

"Then so do I, by God!" said Hilton Toye.

CHAPTER XIII.

Faith Unfaithful.

"It's all perfectly true," said Cazalet calmly. "Those were my movements while I was off the ship, except for the five hours and a bit that I was away from Charing Cross. I can't dispute a detail of all the rest. But they'll have to fill in those five hours unless they want another case to collapse like the one against Scruton!"

Old Savage had wriggled like a venerable worm, in the experienced talons of the Bobby's Bugbear; but then Mr. Drinkwater and his discoveries had come still worse out of a hotter encounter with the truculent attorney; and Cazalet had described the whole thing as only he could describe a given episode, down to the ultimate dismissal of the charge against Scruton, with a gusto the more cynical for the deliberately low pitch of his voice. It was in the little lodging-house sitting room at Nell Gwynne's Cottages; he stood with his back to the crackling fire that he had just lighted himself, as it were, already at bay; for the folding doors were in front of his nose, and his eyes roved incessantly from the landing door on one side to the curtained casement on the other. Yet sometimes he paused to gaze at the friend who had come to warn him of his danger; and there was nothing cynical or grim about him then.

Blanche had broken her word for perhaps the first time in her life; but it had never before been extorted from her by duress, and it would be affectation to credit her with much compunction on the point. Her one great qualm lay in the possibility of Toye's turning up at any moment; but this she had obviated to some extent by coming straight to the cottages when he left her—presumably to look for Cazalet in London, since she had been careful not to mention his change of address. Cazalet, to her relief, but also a little to her hurt, she had found at his lodgings in the neighborhood, full of the news he had not managed to communicate to her. But it was no time for taking anything but his peril to heart. And that they had been discussing, almost as man to man, if rather as innocent man to innocent man; for even now, or perhaps now in his presence least of all, Blanche could not bring herself to believe her old friend guilty of a violent crime, however unpremeditated, for which another had been allowed to suffer, for however short a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Rag-Time."

Rag-time music, "being in no wise serious," is the reverse of depressing. "The African jingles of the present day create an emotional atmosphere of restlessness and excitement which is typically American, and which is opposed to health only so far as our national restlessness and lack of poise tend to make us a people whose national disease is nervous exhaustion."

Roughly speaking, lively music, such as rag-time, is likely to rouse depressed persons from their melancholy; sad and pathetic music will soothe the excitable and hypernervous.

One Way to Make a Friend.

There are several kinds of hypocrisy, but the one that masculinity most favors is spurious devilishness. Nothing brings the beam of contentment so fervently to the mediocre eye as a Don Juan accusation. Dig him in the ribs and wink as you call him a sly dog—and he loves you. He may be the quintessence of domestic respectability, but if you will but insist that you believe him capable of maintaining a seraglio with consummate deceit, you are his friend.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth;

The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

—E. A. Robinson.

LINCOLN, MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Many Reasons Why He Has Justly Been Given the Title of Typical American.

Firm Believer Always in the Conception of Democracy Which Is the Foundation of Our Nation—His Many High Qualities Worthy of Emulation.

To save Abraham Lincoln from deathly apotheosis of the steel engraving has been a laudable effort of recent years. Of course it will not prevent the process of legend making which works upon the earthly reality of every great man, and in due time leaves him a desiccated abstraction existing for the heavy boredom of childhood. Even Lincoln, with his vital, homely outlines, his intimate, endearing faults, and strong flavor of his day, must come to this turn.

One hundred and seven years ago Lincoln was born. Fifty-one years ago he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, and on the next day he died, the first "martyred president." A great wave of passionate sorrow, gratitude and affection swept the North. The process of apotheosis began. Today it may be observed in the sanctified generalities of Lincoln orations, editorials, poems and articles.

Moved by Flattery.

The central idea of the overwhelming majority of these tributes is Lincoln, the man of the people, the typical American. Year after year on February 12 and frequently throughout the year we hear this confident summary and without examining it. Is this mental inertia or are we unconsciously moved by the flattery implicit in this idea? An editorial in the New Republic suggests the latter. The real purpose of Lincoln-day speakers is not so much to eulogize Lincoln, this journal declares, as to flatter the audience.

New View of Great President.

The reproach has more of justice than we like to think. The orator is the courtier of democracy flattering the sovereign citizen as grossly as ever an emperor was flattered. The flattery of indirect praise is unusually delicate and insidious, and it is well for us to examine it coolly. The New Republic puts it sharply away. "In point of fact Mr. Lincoln was superficially a man of the people, and fundamentally a unique, distinguished and wholly exceptional individual. In certain salient respects he was the least typical of Americans. Americans, particularly those of Lincoln's own generation and neighborhood, were essentially active, aggressive and objective men, whose lives were given over to practical external affairs, who subordinated everything else to the demands of practical achievement, and whose individuality consisted in living ordinary lives in an extraordinarily energetic manner. They were superficial, discursive, easy-going, quarrelsome, and wholly incapable of preparing in advance for any task or responsibility. In all these respects Lincoln differed from his fellow countrymen, and upon these differences his eminence depends. He was not particularly ambitious, aggressive or practical. In spite of his lively social feelings, he lived a contemplative life, in which the intellectual interest obtained full expression and which attained a high degree of internal concentration. He fought hard and well, but he never quarreled. During his formative years he quietly but unostentatiously prepared himself for great enterprises. He trained his mind because he enjoyed hard intellectual exertion. His style shaped itself under the influence of the Bible and Shakespeare. Thus at a period and in a country favorable to the cheap performance and the easy victory, Mr. Lincoln tempered his reason and his spirit for a great performance and a costly victory. Was there anything typically American about that?"

Ideas Worth Consideration.

This is refreshing variation from the "canned eloquence" of the Lincoln day utterance, and it will repay consideration and emphasis, since we are very like our forbears as to just the defects the New Republic here pungently outlines. If we thought more of Lincoln's extraordinary disinterestedness, of his heroic patience, of his deeply brooding spirit, and less of those qualities with which we establish all too readily a rough resemblance to our daily selves, we might get a wholesome and much-needed reaction from our rattling, self-satisfied and shallow life without losing our sense of his reality as a human being having human weaknesses. Especially keen is the thrust delivered at our tendency to "the cheap performance and the easy victory" and its contrast with Lincoln's tempting reason and spirit "for a great performance and a costly victory."

No great victory was ever purchased cheaply. It has always been paid for in long and costly, though often unconscious preparation. Our national optimism, our impatience and superficiality obscure that truth.

As Typical American.

But, after all, in the legend we are making of Lincoln as typical American there is an instinct and a truth that are not superficial. All legend making is a profound process of national self-realization, an intuitive incarnation of national ideals, and in the case of Lincoln it is based upon the sincere, the religious democracy of this great man. The high distinction of mind, as shown, for example, in the prose of the Gettysburg oration, the moral nobility, the introspective aloofness which were an essential part of him, only accentuate for us the warm nearness of his nature to the common man and the common life. Lincoln himself held to the mystical conception of democracy which Whitman expressed in his poetry and which is the dream in the heart of Americanism.

The essential brotherhood of man was an intimate and glowing reality to Lincoln, not a lofty abstraction, and though we betray it and misread it we must cling to it if we are to save the national soul.

Idealizing ourselves through Lincoln is more than self-flattery. It is a crude but not ignoble effort to express the deepest and most pervasive element of American idealism.

LINCOLN AS ARTIST

Must Be Accorded That Distinction in Addition to That of Statesman.

We know that both in youth and in age, Lincoln was a great reader of Shakespeare. Probably that wide and ardent spirt, dreaming at large upon the full possibilities of life, dreamed at times of doing something of the work that Shakespeare did, of reflecting the manifold humanity of America in imperishable verse. If so, the dreams were lightly discarded, and Lincoln as a writer contented himself with putting the weighty needs of every day into language of firm texture, and when he willed, of high immortal eloquence.

But Lincoln had a kinship with Shakespeare, the supreme artist, in far deeper ways than in the mere mastery of words. He saw life on the high plane of eternity, as Shakespeare saw it and as every true artist sees it.

From this poetical temperament came Lincoln's melancholy. He accepted the hard facts of life as calmly as any man, and fought meanness and greed and sly cunning and open baseness, as if victory over them were all he cared for. Yet at the same time, with the poet's sense of things beyond, he saw not only the pettiness of defeat, but the pettiness of present victory compared with the years before and the years after, and the vast uncertainty of the destinies of men. Who has known this melancholy and expressed it better than Shakespeare?

From his poetical temperament, again, came Lincoln's humor, so closely akin to Shakespeare's. It is world removed from the nosy clatter of trivial laughter. Lincoln was no laugher, and we are sure that Shakespeare was not. Just as the sense of the groping mystery of things breeds sadness in its pathetic aspect, so the contrast between the huge eagerness of men and their pitiful accomplishment breeds a smile, not of mockery or scorn, but of the tenderest pity and kindliness.

Finally, Shakespeare's supreme greatness as an artist was in his comprehension—by loving sympathy—of the hearts of men, of all men. Was not that Lincoln's greatness, too? Shakespeare used his gift to create men and women who can never die. Lincoln used his to play like a great master on instruments so different as Seward and Chase and Stanton, as McClellan and Hooker and Sherman and Grant, and by his genius reunited a nation that as long as it lives, will remember him.

The chief fruitfulness of this point of view is that it brings out clearly the distinction between Lincoln and even the greatest of his contemporaries, say Seward and Grant in the North, and Lee and Davis in the South. They were all practical men, men absorbed in the immense affairs in which they were engaged. They did not look above or beyond them. Lincoln did. He had not only a profound intelligence; he had a splendid imagination. He was not only a great statesman; he was a great artist.—From the Youth's Companion.

TARIFF IS NOT ALL

More Than One Issue in the Coming Campaign.

Republicans Will Err in Placing Undue Stress on the Necessity for Returning to Policy of Protection—Other Things Important.

The president is of opinion that the tariff is the only issue the Republicans have, and he is expecting them to specialize on it in their effort to prevent his re-election. He is probably wrong, but the Republicans would do well to consider his views, remarks the Washington Post.

The Democrats began to specialize on the tariff thirty years ago. It became practically their only issue. Mr. Cleveland selected it as the basis of his appeal for re-election. His message to congress in December, 1887, dealt exclusively with the tariff; but he stated his case then in such extreme terms he tried six months later to hedge. He paid the penalty of such a maneuver.

Four years later the Democrats, again under his leadership, made the tariff their leading, and practically only, issue, and won at the polls. But their success, achieved on a platform greatly exaggerating what might be expected from the revision they promised, turned to ashes in office. The legislation they enacted failed in operation, and the failure contributed largely to their defeat at the next presidential election.

Again giving the tariff overshadowing importance, they made their fight on it in 1912, and in that campaign advanced the shrieking absurdity that the high cost of living was due to the policy of protection. The result stares them in the face, and confuses them beyond their ability to explain. The cost of living has steadily mounted under their corrective legislation, and is now higher than ever before.

The lesson seems plain. Where a party addresses itself to but one issue, and makes appeal after appeal on that, it magnifies it out of reason. It promises wonders that cannot be performed; and when the inevitable exposure comes it is overwhelming.

Much has always been promised in the name of protection, and much accomplished. It is still a valuable campaign cry, and we shall hear it often in the coming campaign. But the Republicans will err greatly at Chicago if they lay sole, or even undue, stress on the tariff. Protection has done a great deal for the country, and if given another trial will do a great deal more; but, alone, it could not remedy the evils charged against the administration. If a change is ordered in November, the Republicans, in control again, will confront a situation far beyond the power of any legislation, however well constructed, on any one subject to remedy.

Raise Revenue by Tariff.

The Democratic senators and the members of the house have before them the question of providing revenues for the needs of the government, and they are one and all men familiar with the sentiments of the people in their respective states and districts.

Do they find that their constituents are in favor of taxes upon gasoline, upon automobiles, upon internal combustion engines?

Do they find their people are in favor of paying a government tax every time they send a telegram, a phone message to a neighboring town, a tax upon every receipt they get from an express or a railway company?

Do they find their people favor taxes on the baby's soothing sirup, taxes upon every medicine the sick may need, taxes, Democratic taxes, in every line of business, in every branch of trade?

The Democratic voters favor a tariff for revenue.

Why do not the senators and members of the house give their constituents what they want and what many of them have voted for for 40 years?

The way is straight: it is not crooked; it is no blind alley. It leads to popular approval.

Raise the required revenues through the tariff.

Tariff Must Be Remodeled.

This world-wide war has saved the Democratic party from annihilation, but its policies must be changed before peace is restored if we would preserve the American market for the American product and be in position at the same time to extend our commercial relations with the outside world. The existing tariff law must be quickly remodeled. Mr. Wilson holds no human man can foretell what tariff legislation may be needed twelve months hence. Conditions may change, but the principle of protection, never. Every page of American history for more than a hundred years sustains this view.

Scientific Adjustment Needed.

Mr. Wilson seems to think the present tariff framed by the old-fashioned log-rolling methods before the European war will meet the conditions which the war will leave. That hope hardly seems likely to be fulfilled. What common caution dictates is commercial preparedness as far as we can provide it, and the basis of such preparedness can be supplied only by a strong expert body which will set to work at once to accumulate data, examine our own conditions, and study the situation.—Washington Times.

Urges Get-Together Policy.

Broadly thinking Americans hope the Progressive and Republicans will get together. Long experience has proved that two well-organized and fairly equal parties are necessary for the efficient working of representative popular government. Recent experience has amply convinced that three great parties are one too many.—Exchange.

European commerce is blighted by war and American business has its Redfield.

No Cause for Alarm.

White dresses are harmful to children's eyes, says a Philadelphia physician. Mothers will not be unduly alarmed, knowing just how long white dresses on children stay white.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Punishment While He Waits.

Mrs. Peck (reading)—"Every man gets the wife that heaven intended for him." Mr. Peck—"Well, if that is true, it strengthens the theory that men are punished for their sins right here on earth."

A Certain Way.

Goodman—How can you tell mushrooms from toadstools, little boy?

The Boy—Easy. If de guy dat eats them is alive next day dey's mushrooms. If he's shifted off de mortal coil, den dey's toadstools.

Seconded, But Not Carried.

Paul Armstrong often told how a lawyer acquaintance of his, who lives at Seattle, was retained to defend a colored man accused of absconding with the funds of a colored debating society. The outlook for the defendant was rather black. At the trial the attorney for the defense arose, as soon as the charge had been read, and said:

"Your honor, I move that the indictment be dismissed."

"Before he could proceed further his client was on his feet, too, addressing the bench without a trace of embarrassment.

"Your honah," said the defendant briskly, "I seconds dat motion."—Saturday Evening Post.

Left His Eye on Guard.

An Irish soldier had lost his left eye in action, but was allowed to remain in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. Being a typical "absent-minded beggar," he appeared on parade one day minus the left "window."

Said the adjutant: "Nolan, you are improperly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its proper place."

Like a flash came the reply: "Sure, sir, I left it in my box to keep an eye on my kit while I am on parade."

That Would Fix Him.

Ella—What would yo do if you actually found a man under your bed?

Stella—I'd drop my hat on him.

SANITY IN MUSICAL WORLD

War Has Failed to Produce the Discord That at One Time Seemed Sure to Come.

Summing up of the musical year has begun—though the drums, fifes, trumpets and bands in certain of our parks are stimulating the public spirits and keeping up the popular energy. On the whole we have been generous. Mr. Percy Scholes' list of interned musicians contains no alien composers and performers in English prisons. But harmony was split. Brodsky (of Manchester and Russia) was caught in Germany, Richter renounced his English honors, Kreisler went to fight for Austria, and Lamond was shut up at Ruhleben. Harmony was disturbed. In England the war threatened for a moment to banish the music made in Germany. But sanity prevailed. Wagner could not be banished. The Royal Philharmonic refused to abolish the bust of Beethoven from its place before the orchestra—possibly because Beethoven's ancestry was proved to be Flemish. Bach and Brahms have had their celebration upon English strings and wind. And rightly!—London Chronicle.

Telephone Record.

The French language has been found much better adapted to long-distance telephoning than the English, and expert operators in Paris have succeeded in transmitting messages to London at the rate of 190 words a minute.

She Cured Him.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney, who is to dress manikins in all the latest creations and have a regular daily fashion show at the Hudson theater, in speaking of economy in dress the other day said: "I know a man who was so stingy he grumbled every time his wife bought a new gown. Determined to cure him of this habit, his wife for one month stayed away from the shopping district and the stores, and succeeded in not buying a single cent's worth of clothes. When the next month's bills arrived the husband noted there was a memorandum for about thirty Turkish baths. He inquired if there was real necessity for such a large number of Turkish baths in one month. 'Certainly,' replied the wife. 'You told me not to spend any more money on clothes, and a Turkish bath is about the only place I can go and not wear clothes.' All of which proves that when a woman makes up her mind she wants that $30 suit, marked down to $29.98, she is going to scheme until she owns it, contrary notwithstanding."—New York Telegram.

Brown Spots on Old China.

The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface, says the Toledo Blade. An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely. The darker spots require more time to remove them than the lighter ones. This method will not harm the most delicate china.

Lincoln's Place in History.

Abraham Lincoln was one of the supremely great men of his day. He grows bigger and bigger all the time, and a thousand years from now his fame will be immensely vaster than it is at the present time. No man in all the tide of time ever filled a more difficult or trying place than he held for four years, and the verdict of history is that he measured squarely up to his tremendous responsibilities. It is doubtful if any other man in the country could have saved the day.

Taking an American Model.

English newspapers are printing Lincoln's Gettysburg address as an inspiration to the people. It is quite natural to assume that they can find nothing in the works of their own statesmen so broad, so human and so fine.

Point to Remember.

Let us never forget that if Lincoln saved the American nation, it was American ideals that gave Lincoln his chance to become a savior.

Saw Far Into Future.

Gifted with an insight and a foresight which the angels would have called divination, Lincoln saw, in the midst of darkness and obscurity, the logic of events and forecast the result. From the first, in his own quaint, original way, without ostentation or offense to his associates, he was pilot and commander of his administration. He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew greater and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—James A. Garfield.